

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. I.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1813.

[NO. 42.

Epistolary Correspondence.

(Continued from our last.)

Mrs. Colville to her Son, the Right Hon. Lord Colville.

THE commencement of your last letter, my beloved son, inspired sensations which it would be difficult to describe; and severely did I condemn myself for having imparted such intelligence of the faithless Eliza's conduct, as could have produced the deplorable effect you described; but before I had proceeded far in your epistle, I rejoiced at having performed the painful task of exposing the frailty of a being whom you once fancied free from every fault; and I now sincerely congratulate you upon having obtained such a complete ascendancy over your ill-placed affection.

As I have no longer any reason to suppose you encourage the slightest partiality for that imprudent young woman, I shall unceremoniously make you acquainted with a recent event, which astonished every person in the neighbourhood, except my sagacious self.

I have already informed you that Sir Charles Grenville had become a perfect domesticated animal in Mrs. D—'s house; but that, upon your unexpected aggrandizement, he had this alternative allowed, either to discontinue his visits, or declare his intention of making Eliza his wife. The baronet, however, avowed a distaste to matrimony; yet, I am told, had the audacity to make Mrs. D— the most insulting proposals; and though it proved the depravity of his principles, yet, from what has followed, I fear he was, in some degree, authorized to act such a base part.

Though the present female costume does not render any protuberance in the form very perceptible, I have, for the last three months, thought Miss D—'s person very much altered; and though I never hinted to my most intimate friend my conjectures upon the subject, I was not surprised at the circumstance which last Sunday occurred. Mrs. D— and her daughter had for some weeks announced their intention of passing three or four months with a sister of the former, who resided in Wales; the servants were accordingly discharged, an old woman in the neighbourhood engaged to take care of the cottage, and at five o'clock on Sunday morning they set off in a post chaise. One of the horses, even whilst the luggage was affixing to the carriage, had betrayed symptoms of a restive disposition, and excited Miss D—'s apprehension; but the driver having assured the ladies he would be as gentle as a lamb the moment the vehicle was in motion, in an unlucky moment they entered it; but no sooner had the animal felt the scourge of the whip across his shoulders than he began to plunge and kick in a most alarming manner, and, after repeated efforts to disengage himself from the trammels, to which he was unaccustomed, darted forward with the rapidity of lightning—in less than five minutes threw

his rider, and dashed the chaise to pieces in turning a corner; providentially he fell with the carriage, and the accident happening near the turnpike gate, the toll-man and one of his friends flew to the ladies assistance, and by their timely interference most probably preserved their lives, for as they reached the unruly animal he was in the act of rising, and had he not been prevented, would have dragged them into greater perils.

Miss D— was taken out of the carriage apparently lifeless, and her mother was dreadfully cut by the glass; however, by proper restoratives being applied to the former, she soon recovered her senses, but only to complain of acute suffering, and to implore immediate assistance. The toll-keeper's wife (a worthy good creature) instantly comprehended her real situation, dispatched her husband for a surgeon and another carriage, but before either arrived the little stranger appeared.

Eliza, who at that moment would have felt happy at finding shelter in the humblest hovel, was put into the humane woman's bed; the trunks were immediately opened, and every necessary produced for the poor infant's accommodation, which clearly evinced that the tour into Wales was a cloak to a shorter journey; in fact, it has since been proved, that the extent of the young lady's intended travels was not more than eight and twenty miles.

Though I pity the mother of this ill-fated young woman, yet I cannot avoid condemning her conduct; for what parent, who knew the various arts of seduction, would have permitted a beautiful young woman, like Eliza, to pass whole days together in the society of a professed libertine like Sir Charles Grenville? That monster of a man has not even displayed the slightest symptoms either of remorse or tenderness! A messenger was dispatched to him express, imploring him to visit the lost Eliza and sooth the anguish of her sufferings by his tenderness; to which the inhuman wretch returned a laconic denial, alledging a previous engagement, but inclosing a fifty pound draft upon his banker to defray the expence attending the lost Eliza's confinement.

A sale of all Mrs. D—'s household furniture has this day been announced by handbills; and it is now asserted, with probability, that mother and daughter are going to retire into Wales. The innocent proof of its mother's indiscretion providentially expired a few hours after it was born; and thus ends the history of a young woman whom I blush to say was once near being my daughter!

And now, my dear Edward, I will turn to a theme far more interesting, namely, your happiness in the marriage state, which, as far as human foresight can form conjectures, would be complete with such a woman as Lady Charlotte Clements. I will enclose your beloved sister's last epistle, in which she gives me such a trait of that amiable young woman's conduct as is seldom met with in high life; and I confess, has rendered me as enthusiastic an admirer of her ladyship as if I was a young man of your

age. What a treasure will she prove to the being who has the good fortune to inspire her with affection! Since I have become acquainted with her disposition, I more than ever long for your return; for some indefinable idea has taken possession of my imagination, and tells me that nature formed you for each other. A fatalist knowing the apparent similarity of your natures, would encourage me in this airy castle building, from the unexpected train of events which brought about the intimacy between Louisa and this exemplary young woman. The unfortunate circumstances which put you into the possession of rank and fortune were wholly unexpected; that I should think it necessary to have my Louisa introduced into the gay world an equally unlooked-for event; and that her protectress and chaperon should be the particular friend of Lady Charlotte Clements, still more the work of fate! so that you have only to hasten your return to us, throw yourself at this fair damsel's feet, who, of course, must consider you irresistible, and then, like many other marriages, yours be acknowledged to have been brought about by the hand of fate.

You will perceive, my beloved son, that my spirits are no longer depressed by anxiety for your safety; this cheerfulness of mind has been produced by the few hasty written lines you sent me by lieut. Barker, to whom, you may rest assured, I gave a hearty welcome, and who has flattered me by making the castle his head-quarters. The enthusiastic praise which he bestowed upon the coolness and intrepidity of your conduct during the engagement, which you with so much modesty merely named, rendered him at once as dear to my affections as if I had known him from the very moment of his existence; but there are certain situations in life, my dearest Edward, in which neither the tongue nor pen can describe the full emotions of the heart! mine, at the moment of hearing of the engagement, glowed with the warmest sensations of gratitude; and though in the letter which I addressed to you, previous to my receiving the last welcome one, I endeavoured to blend pious thankfulness with maternal tenderness, yet I am persuaded no expression I made use of could either convey a just sense of the gratitude I felt to the Almighty for having preserved your existence amidst the dangers which surrounded you, or of that exquisite affection which nature implants in the maternal breast.

Mr. Barker and myself wait as anxiously for the arrival of the daily papers as any lover can possibly do for a letter from the object of his affection; for during the last week I have constantly expected to see the Europa's arrival announced, though that amiable young man has taken infinite pains to quiet my solicitude, by apprising me the vessel only waited for a favourable wind. Oh! my beloved son, with what transport shall I clasp you to my maternal bosom! and with what extatic pleasure reflect that we are to part no more! for all your friends declare, it would now be the height of

madness were you to persevere in following a seafaring life.

You have not only had many opportunities of evincing your bravery, but in the last engagement you, in a peculiar manner, signalized that courage which was never doubted, and you are now called upon to perform a different part in the great theatre of human action. You have acquired laurels upon the seas, which are now to adorn your brows in the senate. Nature has gifted you with an understanding far beyond mediocrity; and that liberal education which you have received, will now enable you to become an ornament to your country, and a firm supporter of the constitution.

Poor Sir Henry P—— is in a confirmed dropsy; his physicians are of opinion he cannot live many weeks, and all your friends are desirous of seeing you fill his seat. Was there a probability of its being a contested election, I should dissuade you from the plan; for, when I reflect upon the immense sums of money which are squandered away upon such occasions, I cannot help considering how many industrious families might have been rendered happy, had it been divided among them; but, in this case, no particular expence will be necessary, for you will be elected by the unanimous voice of your friends.

Hasten then to those anxious friends, and to your more anxious mother, my beloved Edward; and banish apprehension and solicitude from her heart. Adieu, my son. May all good angels protect you, is the ardent prayer of

Your affectionate mother,
S. COLVILLE.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

AMYNTA AND FIDELIA.

A PASTORAL TALE.

(Concluded from our last.)

AMYNTA thus addressed her friend, My dear Fidelia what was the object of our journey, was it not to implore the divine assistance, to cultivate the spirit of piety and benevolence? Shall we then slight this opportunity of which the gods have afforded us of assisting a distressed fellow mortal? Forbid it heaven! with these words she turned into the path: Fidelia followed her, heedless of the rain which already began to beat upon them: they had not followed the path far when they found an aged Hermit, who, in striving to escape the storm had fallen enfeebled by extreme age; his bruises had prevented him from rising, and though his pain forced from him those involuntary groans they had heard, his countenance, like his soul, beamed with virtue and serenity: they approached him with the reverence his appearance inspired, and entreated him to accept of their feeble assistance to lead him to his dwelling; for they supposed (and with truth) that a small cottage they observed, embosomed in the wood, was his place of abode. With difficulty they supported his trembling steps, amidst the horrors of the tempest, which raged with unrestrained fury, and their only light proceeded from the lightning, which flashed almost incessantly; at length they reached the cottage, and the door, like the heart of its master, was never locked to the distressed. It was protected from the storm

by an overshadowing Banyan fig-tree, whose branches, which it continually throws out, take root, and its strength defieth the utmost rage of the elements, a' more, it is universally believed to repel the fatal shafts of the winged lightning. There kindling the fire which was nearly extinguished, they prepared to repose themselves after the fatigues and terror they had experienced, and proposed on the morrow, when the storm should have subsided, to return to their parents and their flocks; their venerable host entreated them first to assist him into a small room, which was adjoining to the one they were in, for there said the good man, I have another guest, who is doubtless in pain at my long absence, and whose uncured wounds prevented his coming in search of me. It is nearly a month ago, in a night, inclement as this, he and his companion lost their way in the forest: Alexis fell from a precipice and lay for some hours insensible. Providence sent me to his relief, (as it sent you to mine) and he is slowly recovering from his disaster: his companion concluded he was dashed to pieces and his friends and parents mourn for him as dead (this I suppose) for his head was so hurt as to affect his reason; and as I have ever lived in the greatest seclusion, few of the shepherds ever lead their flocks this way, and my age prevented my endeavouring to find his friends and inform them he yet lives. Amynta breathless with emotion, with Fidelia helped the good old man and there on approaching the young stranger, recognized her own, her beloved Alexis—he who she mourned as dead, was restored to her arms; and thus said the good Fidelia—thus do the gods reward, benevolence and humanity will never lose their reward. Alexis soon recovered to reward the faithful affection of his Amynta. They were united at the altar of hymen, and when the shepherds wished happiness to the young married pair, they entreated the gods that they might be as happy as Alexis and Amynta.

M. A. W.

THE DISCOVERY OF MADEIRA.

IN the year 1344, in the reign of Peter IV. King of Arragon, the Island of Madeira was discovered by an Englishman, named Macham, who sailing from England to Spain, with a lady whom he had carried off, was driven by a tempest to this island, and cast anchor in the harbour, or bay, now called Machico, after the name of Macham. His mistress being seasick, he took her to land, with some of his company, where she died, and the ship drove out to sea. As he had a most tender affection for his mistress, he built a chapel, or hermitage, which he called Jesus, and buried her in it; and inscribed on her tombstone his and her name, and the occasion of their coming there. In the island are very large trees, of one of which he and his men made a boat, and went to sea in it, and were cast upon the shore of Africa, without sail or oars. The Moors were infinitely surprised at the sight of them, and presented Macham to their king, who sent him and his companions to the King of Castile, as a prodigy, or miracle.

In 1395, Henry III. of Castile, by the information of Macham, persuaded some of his mariners to go in search of this island, and of the Canaries. In 1417, King John II. of Castile, his mother Catharine being then regent, one M. Ruben, of Bracamont, Admiral of France,

having demanded and obtained of the queen the conquest of the Canaries, with the title of king for a kinsman of his, named M. John Betancourt, he departed from Seville with a great army: it is affirmed, that the principal motive that engaged him in his enterprise, was to discover the island of Madeira, which Macham had found. The following elegiac stanzas are founded on the preceding historical fact:—Macham having consigned the body of his beloved mistress to the solitary grave, is supposed to have inscribed on her tombstone the following pathetic lines:—

O'er my poor Anna's lowly grave,
No dirge shall sound, no knell shall ring;
But angels, as the high pines wave,
There half-heard "Miserere" sing.

No flow'rs of transient bloom, at eve
The maidens on the turf shall strew;
Nor sigh, as this sad spot they leave,
"Sweets to the sweet, a long adieu."

But, in this wilderness profound,
O'er her the dove shall built her nest;
And ocean swell with softer sound,
A requiem to her dream of rest.

Ali! when shall I as quiet be,
When not a friend, or human eye,
Shall mark beneath the mossy tree,
The spot where we forgotten lie!

To kiss her name on this cold stone,
Is all that now on earth I crave;
For in this world I am alone—
Oh! lay me with her in the grave!

SELECTED,
For the New-York Weekly Museum.

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A YORKSHIRE BET.

YORKSHIRE is rendered famous on account of the numerous artifices and deceptions practised by a class of people, who study them as a means whereby to derive subsistence.—The following characteristic instance of ingenious deception lately occurred in Yorkshire: A person of the abovementioned character being on his way to a public house, not for the resort of persons of his class, was devising some plan whereby to obtain his dependent sustenance, when his meditations were suddenly interrupted by a cart laden with earthenware. A scheme instantly struck him, to accomplish which he purchased the ware, upon condition that the driver should take it in the street before the house to which he was going; he then admonished the driver to observe him attentively, that he might immediately recollect upon seeing him again; he likewise enjoined that when he had gotten opposite the house which he pointed out to him, he should stop his cart, and when he should see him appear at the window he should immediately break all his earthenware in pieces, and suffer nothing to oppose it. The astonished carter promised to obey him faithfully, after remonstrating strongly against such a destructive procedure. The sharper then hastened to his place of rendezvous, where a large company had assembled with the same end in view, one of whom challenged our sharper to a bet; he affected great indifference to the proposal; but upon a repetition of the challenge he carelessly sauntered towards the window, and seeing his earthenware coming, he, with well affected nonchalance, declared, that to keep their spirits afloat, he

would make a bet on any object he might observe. He then called their attention to the load of ware, which was nearly opposite the window, and offered a bet of one hundred guineas that the driver would, immediately upon his appearance at the window, stop his cart and break his load of ware to pieces : the bet was accepted with avidity, the sharper walked carelessly to the window, when being observed by the carter, he with his stick, broke his whole load to pieces, to the great astonishment of the street passengers and the confusion of those who had accepted the bet.

ANTOINETTE BOURIGNON.

A FAMOUS enthusiastic preacher, and pretended prophetess, was born at Lisle, about the year 1616. Nature had bestowed so deformed a body upon this female, that it was some days debated whether she ought to live ; for she excited so much disgust in the minds of her beholders, that it was almost thought a duty that her existence should be destroyed. Humanity, however, conquered the disgusting impression, and as she increased in years, her deformity began to subside ; and so much did her person improve, that when she arrived at the age of maturity, several proposals were made for her hand.—During childhood many anecdotes are recorded of her, which exceed credibility, and require an uncommon exertion of faith ; but certain it is, that she possessed a superiority of understanding, which at an early period of life was displayed. She published a variety of books, filled with the most singular opinions, the most remarkable of which are entitled, "The Light of the World," and the "Testimony of Truth ;" in which she maintained, that sense and reason ought to give place to the divine illuminations of faith. She likewise asserted, that when any one was born again, by embracing the doctrines which she taught, that she felt the same degree of torture that a woman does who is giving birth to a child. Accustomed to enthusiastic extasies, or what she called *divine illumination*, she would declare that she beheld the most extraordinary sights ; and in one of them she protested that Adam had conversed with her, in the same form in which he appeared before the fall. In her dress and appearance she imitated a hermit, and had a strong antipathy to a married life ; but this prejudice may easily be accounted for, as her parents lived very unhappily, and she saw many scenes of domestic strife. Her father was very solicitous that she should marry a young Frenchman, and the wedding-day was actually fixed ; but to avoid entering into an engagement so repugnant to her feelings, she disguised herself as a hermit, and bid adieu to her home. She travelled through France, Holland, England, and Scotland, disseminating her doctrines wherever she went, and, in the latter place, made a great number of converts than could either be imagined or believed. Her patrimonial estate at length falling to her, she at first determined to reject it ; but at length altered her design :—“First,” she said, “because it might not come into the hands of those who had no right to it ; secondly, that it might not be possessed by those who would make an ill use of it ; and, thirdly, that God had shewn her that she should have occasion for it, for his glory.” Her habits were simple ; her wants were few ; she gave nothing in charity, and therefore her riches increased ; and, notwithstanding her deficiency in personal attractions,

the fame of her riches made her sought after as a wife ; and she was frequently subject to great inconvenience, from the ardent zeal with which her person, or property, was pursued. She is said to have exercised, over servants and dependants, an authority of the most absolute kind ; and to have possessed none of those endearing and amiable virtues which that religion she professed herself to have been directed by ought to have inspired.

At length this famous prophetess was accused of sorcery and witchcraft, and she was compelled to make a rapid retreat. She fled into Friesland, where the Baron of Lutsbey granted her his protection ; but even to this sanctuary she was pursued. From thence she went into Holland, but in a short time afterwards returned ; and, in the year 1680, was attacked by a fatal disorder, which, on the 30th of October, put an end to her life.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1813.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

The schr. Pilot has arrived at Philadelphia from Bordeaux, from whence she sailed on the first of January, and brings a confirmation of the arrival of the Emperor Napoleon in Paris, in cog. in the night of the 18th Dec.

The following is an extract of a letter from Paris, dated the 22d Dec. received by the Pilot :

“ Previous to the Emperor’s return to his Capital, he was met at Wilna by Mr. Barlow, the American Minister, with whom he had a conference of two hours. Mr. Barlow is expected here again in the course of 2 or 3 days, when it is said negotiations will be resumed, and hopes are entertained that a favourable commercial arrangement will be effected.”

We have seen another letter, which states, since the Emperor’s return, he granted 80 licences, for France, Holland and Italy, to import colonial produce from England.

Another letter which we have seen, states, that the Emperor left his army in winter quarters at Wilna, under the command of Berthier, Murat, and the Viceroy of Italy.

Mr. Taylor, of Philadelphia, is a passenger in the Pilot, and has brought Despatches for Government, with which he immediately, after landing, proceeded to Washington.....[Phila. Pap.]

In addition to the many recent valuable captures by our privateers, we have now to record another

NAVAL VICTORY,

By the United States Frigate Constitution, Commodore Bainbridge, over His Britannic Majesty’s Frigate Java, capt. Lambert.—The Constitution has arrived at Boston—and the following are the particulars furnished by Lieut. Ludlow, of that ship who passed through this city on Thursday, on his way to Washington.

On the 29th December, in lat. 12° 8', S. long. 38° W. about 10 leagues from the coast of Brazil, the United States’ frigate Constitution, Commodore Bainbridge, fell in with, and captured His Britannic Majesty’s frigate Java, of 49 guns, and manned with upwards of 400 men. The action continued 1 hour and 55 minutes—in which time the Java was made a complete wreck, having her bowsprit and every mast and spar shot out of her. The Constitution had 9 killed and 25 wounded. The Java had 60 killed and 101 wounded. Amongst the latter was her commander, Lambert, a very distinguished officer, mortally. From a letter written by one of her officers whilst on board the Constitution, it is evident that the wounded must have been considerably greater, and many must have died of their wounds previous to removal. The letter states 60 killed and 170 wounded.

The Java was just out of dock, and fitted in the completest manner to carry out Lieut. Gen. Hislop, Governor of Bombay, and his staff—Capt. Marshall, a commander in the British navy—and a number of naval officers going to join the British ships of war in the East

Indies. Besides these, and having her own complement of officers and men complete, she had upwards of 100 supernumeraries of petty officers and seamen for the Admiral’s ship and other vessels on the East India station. She also had despatches from the British government for St. Helens, the Cape of Good-Hope, and to every British establishment in the East Indies and China Seas, and had copper on board for a 74 gun ship and 2 sloops of war building at Bombay, and it is presumed many other valuables, all of which were blown up in her on the 31st of December, when she was set on fire.

The Constitution was considerably cut in her spars, rigging and sails, but not so much injured but that she could have commenced another action immediately after the capture of the Java, which latter vessel was made a perfectly unmanageable wreck.

All the officers and seamen taken in the Java, were paroled by Commodore Bainbridge, and landed on the 3d of Jan. at St. Salvador, Brazils.

On her passage to Boston the Constitution fell in with the Hornet, and was informed that she had recaptured the American ship William, a prize to the Java ; and that she had also captured on the same day, the schooner Ellen, bound from London to St. Salvador, with dry goods, &c. to the amount of 200,000 dollars—had taken out most of her cargo and ordered her for the first American port.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

MR. ORAM,

It is no more than justice to the readers of your agreeable Miscellany, to inform them that the Poem “On Female Seduction,” in your last number, cannot be ascribed to any of your correspondents. The modest H*****, where ever he may have picked it up, will find it where more than one of your readers have seen it, in the Orthodox Churchman’s Magazine, vol. 9. It there appears under the title of “The Magdalen,” and was occasioned by an occurrence in the city of London.

The only ingenuity which H**** has displayed, is in changing the name of EMILIA to that of ELIZA, and that of the *Magdalen Asylum* in London, to that of a Nunnery in Quebec. The reputation of a Poet, so far as these improvements go, your readers will not deny him, and among them your friend,

A DESPISE OF PLAGIARISM.

Mariages.

MARRIED,

By the Rev. Wm. Parkinson, Mr. Wm. Malcolm Barron, of the U. S. Navy, to Miss Eliza Wilcock, daughter of Wm. Wilcock, esq. of this city.

By the Rev. James Crawford, Mr. Robert Jaques, to Miss Mary Frances Smith, both of this place.

By the Rev. Mr. Frederick Geissenhainer, Mr. Charles Wm. Reinold, to the amiable Miss Eliza Beccannon, daughter of Mr. Philip Beccannon, all of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Burke, capt. Benjamin Coles, to Miss Abigail Wyatt, both of this city.

By the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Herman Le Roy, jun. to Miss Julia Edgar, youngest daughter of Wm. Edgar, esq. all of this city.

At New-Brunswick, (N.J.) By the Rev. John Cruise, Mr. Samuel C. Sutton, to Miss Sarah Jordon, both of this city.

Obituary.

DIED,

In this city, Mr. John Byrne, after 7 days illness, aged 26 years, son of Mr. James Byrne.

Mr. John Hogg, aged 42 years (late of the Theatre) of a lingering illness, which he bore with patient fortitude.

Of a lingering illness, Mrs. Margaret Bunker, relict of the late John K. Bunker.

In the 55th of his age, Wm. W. Parker, after a severe illness of 48 hours.

At his seat, in Shrewsbury, Mr. Francis Van Dyk, aged 78 years, formerly a respectable inhabitant of this city.

At his seat at Bloomingdale, Mr. James A. Stewart, aged 70 years.

Reports of Deaths from the 6th to the 13 inst. being one week—39.

Seat of the Muses.

THE MOTHER'S CONSOLATION, ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD.

AH! must these tears of anguish flow, for ever stream
in vain?

"Unhappy wretch! I tell thee no.
God's mercy will to all on earth,
From the first moment of their birth,
Sweet consolation deign.

"Murmur no more at His all-wise decree,
Who made the world and man.
Resign thyself to calm repose,
And when thy grief-swoon eyelids close,
His wonders thou shalt see."

The secret monitor at length obey'd,
On Fancy's light and soaring wing,
To realms celestial pure and free,
Releas'd from care and misery,
My spirit was convey'd.

There at the throne of boundless grace,
With uprais'd eyes and suppliant knee,
My cherub babe a prayer preferr'd,
Which sister angels register'd—
A tender prayer for me.

"Almighty Lord! how vast thy power,
From mortal eyes reveal'd!
Thy gracious favour still impart,
Soothe a fond mother's breaking heart,
On her thy blessing shower.

"That when set free from mortal pains,
By earthly ties no more enthrall'd,
Our souls united long may rove,
In realms of pure and holy love,
Where bliss eternal reigns."

She ceased, and echoing seraphs round,
A rapturous chorus rais'd :
"Thy prayer is heard!" an angel cries—
Loud shouts of transports fill'd the skies,
And wak'd me with the sound.

All bounteous God! shall I repine?
Thy wond'r'ous ways condemn?
No, let me still thy power adore,
At thy infliction sigh no more,
But yield my will to thine.

REFLECTIONS, AT THE CLOSE OF A BATTLE.

THE battle's ended—silence seems to reign :
No more the thundering cannon loudly roars ;
No more the hostile bands o'erspread the plain ;
And, for a time, its influence peace restores.
But, though the bloody scene awhile be o'er,
Can smiling peace give back the friends we mourn ?
The tender parent to his child restore,
Or the lost husband to his wife return ?
The wife or lover little it concerns
What nation calls the victory its own,
When they, heart-broken, bending o'er the urns
Of those they loved, pour forth their piteous moan.
See the kind tear just starting from the eye
Of Fanny, bending o'er her lover's grave ;
Swift up to Heaven sublime it seems to fly,
And hearts of gods with pity's charm t' enslave.
How rich that tear by lovely Fanny shed !
How sweet those sighs for hapless William's woes !
They soothe him in his mansion 'mong the dead,
And seem for him in Heav'n to seek repose.

Morality.

ON EXCELLENCE IN THE ARTS.

GREAT excellence in any of the *elegant arts* is an unfavourable circumstance to youth, and, except they be intended to exercise those arts as a profession, a *mediocrity* is much more desirable. I would rather, therefore, that young persons should apply to them when it is too late to attain to much more than mediocrity. A first-rate musician can never be any thing else, and an incomparable dancer can make nothing but a dancing-master or a coxcomb. It is impossible but that persons must be fond of opportunities of exhibiting themselves in that character in which they particularly excel.

Besides, a refined taste and great execution in the fine arts necessarily leads a man to keep company with the celebrated artists, most of whom are men of low taste in other respects, of illiberal and uncultivated minds, and profligate in their morals. There are, no doubt, exceptions to this observation; but it must be allowed, that this is too generally the case with musicians, painters, and players.

PRIESTLER.

ORNAMENTAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

THE principal ornamental accomplishments are, dancing, the military exercise, fencing, drawing, and music.

On the subject of learning to dance, there cannot be much variety of opinion. It enables the youth to partake of a very innocent and pleasing amusement, and it essentially contributes to that gracefulness of deportment, which generally procures for its possessor a favorable reception in society, and often becomes the recommendation, because it is the ornament, of science and of virtue.

The military exercise I have never seen much reason to commend. It seldom fails to give the youth a stiffness of deportment unsuitable to his years, and too often generates a passion for the army. Its tendency is to make him at first a coxcomb, and at last a soldier.

That fencing is a manly, a liberal, and a healthful exercise, will not be disputed. But merely as an exercise it can hardly be worth the very serious expence, as well as the risk of dangerous accidents, with which the acquisition of the art is usually attended.

The art of drawing is to be considered not merely as an ornamental accomplishment; for to various descriptions of professional men it is indispensably necessary. The surveyor, the architect, the engineer, and the artist, cannot, without the knowledge of it, be considered as duly qualified for their respective occupations; and to them the time, the labour, and the expence of its acquisition, are to be compensated by its subsequent advantages, by the honor or the profit, which it is expected to produce.

I do not maintain with the Turks and Arabs, that to learn music is a disgrace to a man of fashion. But if the ambition to be distinguished as a performer once take possession of his mind, it will in all probability lead him into company and connections very unsuitable to his rank; and the character of a fiddler certainly suggests no ideas of dignity and honor.

BARROW on Education.

Incendote.

DEAN SWIFT.

DEAN SWIFT, whose character is well known, having dined one day at a Lord Mayor's feast in Dublin, was teased by an opulent, boisterous, half-intoxicated squire, who happened to sit next to him: he bore the awkward raillery for some time, and on a sudden called out in a loud voice to the Mayor, "My Lord, here is one of your bears at my shoulders; I desire you will order him to be taken off."

A FRIEND of Dean Swift's one day sent him a turbot as a present, by a servant, who had been frequently sent on similar errands, but who had never yet received the most trifling mark of the Dean's generosity. Having gained admission, he opened the door of the study, and abruptly putting down the fish, cried very rudely, "Master has sent you a turbot," Heyday! young man, said the Dean, rising from his easy chair, "is that the way you deliver your message? Let me teach you better manners: sit down in my chair, we will change situations, and I will shew you how to behave in future." The boy sat down, and the Dean going to the door, came up to the table, with a respectable pace, and making a low bow, said, Sir, my master presents his kind compliments, hopes you are well, and requests your acceptance of a small present." "Does he," replied the boy, "return my best thanks to him, and there's half a crown for yourself." The Dean thus surprised into an act of generosity, laughed heartily, and gave the boy a crown for his wit.

THE ELDEST SON; OR, THE IRISHMAN PUZZLED.

HOW Pat Molley stared, when he heard that his mother,
Who'd been ten years a widow, had married another.
By turns he ran frantic, then again melancholy;
And often repeated his mother's base folly.

A friend chanc'd to call, very friendly, to chat,
And to sooth, if he possibly could, his friend Pat,
"Oh!" says Pat, "what a monster my mother must
prove,
Very near fifty-three, and so dying in love!"

"Never mind," said his friend, "never heed it, my honey,
When they are both dead you'll get plenty of money.
The estate is all your's, boy, as sure as a gun,
For it can't go away from the only dear son;"
"Aye," says Pat, "that is right, but I'm thinking that
she,
Now she's married, may have a son older than me."

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